Northern Messenger

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The Boy Who Did His Duty.

It was to a lonely cottage, situated in one of the Scottish glens, that David Stewart had taken his young wife Margaret when he married her. Tourists as they went through the glen often admired the wild bleak hills that rose on either side, their serried summits presenting varied and picturesque aspects. But to Margaret Stewart they seemed solitary and desolate, and she sometimes longed for a pleasant cottage in the village, like that in which she had been brought up, where there were neighbors by, and friends to whom she might sometimes speak.

But she was a God-fearing woman, and she worked hard to make a pleasant home for David and his children. He was a shepherd, and had to look after the sheep on the hill sides, but after ten years of exposure to all kinds of rough weather he became subject to sudden attacks that, unless speedily relieved, might become dangerous.

It was one wild January afternoon that he came home ill, and full of pain, and Margaret, to her dismay, discovered there was no medicine in the house. The nearest doctor was in the village, nearly three miles away, and there was no one to send except her boy Robbie, a sturdy little fellow of some ten years old.

The mother went to the door and looked down the glen, then gazed doubtfully on the lowering sky, and listened to the wind that sighed through the pass. She would rather have gone herself than send her boy to-night, but she must not leave her husband.

But Robbie was a stout-hearted little man. He knew 'every step of the way,' he said, and would be back with father's physic before the dusk came on. And so with fear and trembling, and many a prayer for his safety, she wrapped the boy in coat and comforter and sent him off.

He had his little shepherd's stick and strode away through the glen. Bravely he buffeted with the wind that played in fitful gusts around him, and climbed up the hill side to the pass, and then down again on the other side, arriving at the doctor's before it was dark, for, although the weather was so dark and threatening, the days were lengthening out.

The doctor kept him waiting, not being at home; but, like a good man as he was, made the little fellow have some tea when he came in, while he was preparing the medicine.

But it was dark when he was ready to start home again, and the doctor hesitated about letting him go. The clouds were so thick, they threatened a storm.

'Oh, I shall win through, sir!' said Robbie bravely. 'Father must have his medicine.'

But when he got outside the village his heart almost failed him. The night was so black he could scarcely see his hand before him, he could not even see the hills looming in front. There was nothing but darkness.

Then the wind came blustering up, colder and keener than ever. He could only just see the path he had to take, but he remembered how his mother had told him that God could see in the dark as well as in the light, and so he prayed that God 'would help him to win through, that he might take father his medicine.'

THE COTTAGE IN THE HILLS.

Then as he reached the head of the pass, thick flakes of snow began to fall, and soon the ground all over became covered with white. Now he could not see the path, he had to go on by guess work, and sometimes he paused to find which way he was to go. Then fierce blasts of wind came up, whirling the snow around so that he could see nothing about him save the snow tossing and floating in the air.

Poor Robbie became so tired he could have lain down in the snow and slept, and would have done so, only he remembered his father lying at home in pain waiting for the medicine, and though he could scarcely drag one foot after another, he would not give way.

Well was it for the poor little man that he did not, for if he had it would have been his last sleep, and mother would only have found his poor dead body the next day.

But Robbie was brave to do his duty, and for father's sake he persevered.

And we can easily imagine how anxious the poor mother was, with her Robbie out in this terrible storm. Perhaps the doctor had not let him start, perhaps even now he was struggling through the storm, perhaps he had lost his way in the snow.

Again and again she went to the door, and ran down the path to the road, and gazed along the glen, and shouted, 'Robbie! Robbie!' But it was all in vain. She put a light in the window and drew back the curtains that it might shine out.

At last she could bear it no longer, so praying to God to guide her to her boy, and wrapping a plaid over and around her, she went out through the snow, shouting as she went along 'Robbie! Robbie!' She could not see, but she could listen, and not a sound escaped her ear.

She had not gone very far when, to her great joy, she heard a response—'Mother!' Yes, it was her boy, and with a hearty 'Thank God!' she grasped him by the hand. He was saved.

But it was that resolve to do his duty that saved Rod Stewart's life. It would have been far easier to have lain down in the deep snow and slept, but he thought of his father's danger and his mother's anxiety, and he had bravely said, 'I must go on,' and, however hard it was, he did.

He did not know that to have gone to sleep would have been to die; he only knew that he had a duty to do, and, hard though it was, he did it. And I wish every one of us would learn this lesson, for, depend upon it, the only way to make life noble is for each of us to learn bravely to do our duty.—'The Child's Companion.'

'It is Well.'

(Charles H. Dorris, in the 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

The fever lights were in the little eyes, and the lad's head restlessly turned on the pillow.

'I wish papa were a Christian,' he murmured. 'If he would only start, then I would. If—he—would—only start, then I would. Oh, why don't he stand up and say, "I'll be a Christian," like the rest of them? I so want to be one. If he only would!'

The listening father groaned.

'Why didn't I! Oh, God, why didn't I! What if my boy should die? Oh, God, why—why didn't I give my heart to thee before the meetings closed, and then my boy would

have gone with me. But now, oh, God, have mercy!'

The little lips again moved. 'I'll stand up,' they whispered, 'and then perhaps papa will. I'll stand up.' And then, raising himself, in a clear, distinct voice, he said: 'I need Christ. I want to be a Christian. I will be a Christian. I—I am his, and—he—is mine.'

A light, and a look of peace, as from heaven, swept over the manly little face as it fell back on the pillow.

'God,' cried the father in agony, 'so do I need thee! I will be thine! Help thou me!'

And then the peace of God came into his heart, as it had into the heart of the little lad.

Before the little lad died the fever and delirium left him.

'Papa,' he whispered, 'I am a Christian, and you are?'

'Yes, my boy, and you have led me to the Lord Jesus Christ.'

'I am so glad, so glad.'

Then the little eyes closed forever to this world, and the father said:

'It is well with the lad. It is well with me. Thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

And in the weeks following, when they saw the changed life of the father, the friends said one to another, 'The little lad led him to Christ.'

How Bibles are Distributed in Canada.

In view of the forthcoming visit to Canada of the Rev. John H. Ritson, M.A., secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, it is interesting to record one or two details in connection with the work that is being accomplished in British North America through the instrumentality of the Bible Society. During the past twelve months—from August, 1903, to August, 1904—no less than 81,319 volumes were shipped to Canada from the Bible House in London. These Scriptures were in twenty-six different languages, beside our own Mother tongue. The following were represented to greater or less degree:—Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Cree, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, Gaelic, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hungarian, Icelandic, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian, Polish, Roumanian, Russ, Ruthem, Spanish, Swedish, Syriac, and Welsh.

And this is not taking account of the thousands of copies in many tongues that are being constantly supplied by the Bible Society's agents at various European ports to emigrants as they set sail from the Old World for the New. In Berlin, Hamburg, Naples and Antwerp, native colporteurs are engaged in distributing Scriptures among their own countrymen, who are emigrating to America in such large numbers. A Bible is put into the pocket of every child who emigrates from England under the auspices of Dr. Barnardo, Dr. Stephenson, and such philanthropists.

The Bible Society has many auxiliaries and branch societies in British North America, the largest being the Upper Canada Bible Society, which was founded in 1817. It is interesting to notice that as early as 1838 a Bible Society was formed among the Red men, when the Rev. James Thompson, D.D., visited the Chippewa Indians at the Mission in the River Credit on behalf of the Bible Society.

During his tour through this country, the Rev. J. H. Ritson will confer with the Auxiliaries regarding the work in the Dominion, and it is hoped the work may be pushed further afield, more especially in the North-West Territory.

Postal Crusade.

We have learned from Mrs. Cole that Chundrabai's subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' (see Sept. 9) is kept paid up, and the name has been changed, while Chundrabai is in this country, to that of Vishnu, the doctor's son. If any subscription, therefore, comes to us for Vishnu we will apply it to some other needy lad. As already indicted, Miss Dunhill, National Organizer for India of the W.C.T.U., is now in Canada, the guest of Mrs. Cole, who writes of her as follows:—

'Those who have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Dunhill and also those who have heard her speak in public, are delighted. She addresses meetings in her native costume, and has a firm grasp of India's history, politically and religiously. Her parents were Presbyterians, and she was converted under English Church influences while being educated in an English Church boarding school in India. For eighteen years she was a Zenana worker under the Methodists, and she has scores of warm friends among the Baptists, so she is in touch with all denominations, though a member of none. She calls herself a Christian and a White Ribboner, and is willing to go to and fro in Canada speaking of India and its burdens. She is especially delightful to children, who listen eagerly to her clear, sweet words. She receives no salary from the W.C.T.U. in India, but has her travelling expenses while there. She takes what is given her, and sends all she can spare, over expenses here, to Ramabai at Kedoon, or to Mrs. Lee or others. She has been an inmate of Ramabai's home, and can tell all about the little orphans there and the ones with Mrs. Lee. Those who wish to write her can address letters to

MISS DUNHILL,
Care of Mrs. Edwards-Cole, 112 Irvine Avenue, Westmount, Que.

The Little Pine Board Notice.

(The Rev. D. L. Gifford, Seoul, Corea.)

The Sunday question is apparently a difficult one for quite a number of Christians in America. How much more difficult a problem must it be for their almond-eyed brethren in Corea, where the public sentiment and practice outside their circle of believers is entirely against them. Two of the most exemplary Christians in our Yun-mot-kol church, on the eastern side of Seoul, are a Mr. Kim and a Mr. Ye, a couple of rice merchants. After the men became Christians the question arose, How about keeping Sunday? They tried closing their door for a Sunday or two, but not only did their competitors get their trade on that day, but one or two people who had previously helped to supply them with rice took their bags to other merchants. Then they concluded to compromise. They would keep Sunday, all but one hour in the early morning, when their shop would be open for receiving rice and settling accounts. These men were members of the 'catechumen class,' but had not been admitted to the church. Two or three times they came up for examination for admission. Their answers were perfectly satisfactory, their daily work and record of attendance upon the various church meetings placed them in the very front rank of our Christians—but each time they were asked to wait on account of their imperfect keeping of the Sabbath. Finally, before one communion, I spent an entire evening with the two men, showing them the Scripture teaching upon the Sabbath, and pointing out to them the fact that because they were in other respects such good men their example was hurting other younger men in the church. It was a hard struggle, but they decided the question aright and were baptized upon the following Sunday. Now if you go by their shop on a Sabbath you will see a little pine board notice tacked upon the door, reading something as follows: 'We, being Jesus Christians, because this is the Lord's day, are unable to transact any business to-day. We therefore make this public announcement.' And all day long that little pine board notice hangs there, silently preaching the Gospel. Not only so, but just around the corner, where a young Christian silversmith used to keep his shop open 'for one hour only,' but in the middle of the afternoon, on Sunday, now through their example, in front of his shop also on the Lord's day hangs another little pine board notice, in silent protest against the desecration of the Sabbath all about it.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

God's Love.

(The Rev. F. B. Meyer in an address in New York.)

Your boy comes home from school with scarlet fever, and as the carriage stops at the door and he steps out wrapped in rugs, you do not start away from him, but you go to him, and say, lovingly, My boy, mother has got a room for you upstairs, and mother is going to help you fight against the fever. She will nurse you and never leave you until you are well.

Do you think you love that boy less because he has a relapse and is so long getting well? One day he says, Mother, you haven't kissed me lately. Don't you love me as much as you did? As you stoop to kiss him, you reply, I loved you before, but I love you better now.

So, soul, dear soul, cursed with sin which thou hast taken into thy heart, God hates the sin but he loves thee. He knew all about it before he chose thee. He'll never love you less. The more sinful you are, the weaker, the oftener you relapse and fall, the more the mother in God—for there is the mother as well as the father in God—will be drawn out. God has come into your heart and he is going to fight sin step by step until you are well. He sits down beside you. The fever is on your head and body; it will take long nights of care and patience, but he has counted the cost. He is prepared for a long sickness.

God has taken you in hand—your gossip, your passion, your love of vain-glory or money. God knows it all,—but he has come to you and he'll never leave you. He'll make short work of it if you let him. You may resist him. He'll never give you up. No matter how often you fall, go back to him.

Suppose that boy with the scarlet fever in his delirium kicked the bed-clothes off and retarded his recovery, would you get angry and leave him? No, you love him, you are his mother, you will bear patiently with him.

Oh, soul, thou hast thought ill of thy God. Thou hast thought because thou didst fall so often God was tired of thee. Thou knowest not his tender mercy is infinite; he'll never let you go until in heaven he kisses your face out of which the fever and brand of sin have gone forever.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Guest of the Government

(Alice D. Baukhage, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

As Tony Queets stood on the edge of the bluff overlooking Lake Wasco he had no idea that he offered a very good model for a statue representing his own race and its position in the twentieth century world. To be sure he wore the Reservation uniform, which he hated, and which would have detracted much from the picturesqueness of any statue, but his straight young figure, his hopelessly hanging arms and, more than all, the yearning in the dark narrow face which he raised toward the sky, would have typified to a sympathetic eye the longing of the Indian for his natural environment.

There were a great many things that Tony did not know, and among them that his people had any grievance against the white race. Personally he had no such grievance. He blamed no one for the calamity that had just brought him to the Reservation, but regarded it as one of the painful vicissitudes of life. As far back as his memory went he had been an outcast, snatching a precarious living right among the smoky tents of his people during the rainy season when they were camped on the beach, and following his own errant fancy during the halcyon summer days when western Washington is indeed a happy hunting ground. He had no recollection of his parents and had only known one friend. One friend for one week! After that came the Indian agent who, for some unaccountable reason, had brought him to this strange place where everything was very clean and very comfortable; where plenty of food and no beatings seemed to be the rule. Good things in themselves, but to the little savage offset by intolerable restrictions. He had given the teachers no trouble and had proven himself a bright pupil, quicker to understand their mysterious ways (had they but known it) than they had been to comprehend his nature. He had come to the school in December and now it was March, that month when, in Tony's country, the swelling streams rushed tumultuously down from the foothills of the Olympics to the ocean; when the world, always green, grew greener, and the air never very cold and biting, grew soft and tender. When in the meadows, the hills, and along the river banks myriads of wild folk called alluringly to the Indian boy. To-day he had wandered to the very limit of the Reservation grounds, where the bluff dropped down to the lake. With his face raised to the sky he was watching a faint, dark speck far, far away. It was only a speck yet he knew that presently it would be a great bird and that it would sail directly above him to its home in a big hemlock nearby. Moreover, he knew that it held a struggling fish in its talons, and so it proved, for as the eagle sped above his head, uttering a cry of greeting to its mate on the nest, several drops of salt water fell on the boy's brown cheek.

After that there was no more struggling. The faint call of duty but half comprehended, was drowned completely in the 'call of the wild.' The sea had sent her message in those drops of water. What could he do but respond? That night Tony's wayward feet followed the path his homesick eyes had so often taken, despite the fact that they were obliged to scale a high and forbidding wall to do so.

A year before his journey would have had no definite objective point, but now his own thoughts turned instinctively toward his one friend. A hundred miles of forest lay between them and only a native could have hoped to endure the hardships of such a trip, but endurance and an iron will were his inheritance. Physical suffering was a matter of course; hunger and cold were bad, but liberty was very, very good. Nevertheless, it was a gaunt and footsore youth who, two weeks later, emerged from the forest at the foot of Copalis Rock.

Copalis Rock rose like a great tower a hundred feet above the ocean, separated from the mainland by a broad channel of water. At low tide one might have waded out to it in hip boots, perhaps, but when the tide was running in it could only be reached by boat. A narrow path zigzagged down its landward and least precipitous side, and on its flat top a tiny cabin stood, lashed down to its lofty foundation by stout cables passed over its roof. Twenty years before a strange Indian had come from no one knew where and built this queer dwelling, choosing the site because of its comparative nearness to a low rocky reef, a favorite basking place for sea otter in their season. The few white people who had all come into the country since the stranger's arrival, called him Hermit Jim, a name that fitted him well since he had never been known to enter any house other than his own except when the exigencies of business demanded it. He was an expert otter hunter, and partly because of his almost phenomenal success and more because of his severe way of dealing with any thieving Siwash, who ventured on his preserves, he was feared and disliked by the natives. However, he attended so strictly to his own business, and even when thrown into the society of others was apparently so oblivious of their presence that people grew to regard him as they might have regarded a deaf and perhaps blind man in their midst.

One evening, in late November, Jim came out of the store ladened with provisions. It was raining hard and the loafers about the place had drawn their chairs close against the wall to be under shelter. Just as the big Indian stepped off the porch something hustled past him and a boy's slender figure lay and stretched for a moment on the ground at his feet. There was no outcry, though the fall and the kick that occasioned it must have hurt cruelly, but the boy was an Indian—was Tony, in fact—and not given to crying. Jim made no sound, either, but he stooped and helped Tony to rise, passing his hand rapidly over his head and body to locate his injuries. Then he turned and deliberately faced the three men on the steps. 'You?' he asked of one, and 'You?' of another. Both of the men shook their heads emphatically. Without wasting another 'you' he seized the third man by the collar, and drawing back his heavily booted foot sent him stumbling and reeling into the street. Then laying his hand on Tony's shoulder he piloted him away from his tormentors.

A week of stormy weather Tony spent in Jim's comfortable cabin, the first guest ever to be entertained there, then came the Indian agent, and the bewildered boy was transferred from his silent host to another, this time to be the guest of the government. If the agent explained why it was best for him to give up his wandering life and to go into a home where he would be taught what it really meant to be a citizen of the United States, poor Tony did not comprehend his meaning; instead he wondered why, since Jim was willing, he might not stop on in the only shelter he had ever found.

To this shelter then Tony hastened when he had turned his back on the reservation. For the last twenty miles of his journey he had dragged himself wearily along, sustained by the thought that he would find rest and food at Copalis Rock. A storm had been brewing for several days, but as yet there was little wind and the signal Jim had taught him, and which Tony gave over and over, should have reached the hermit. After repeated failures to elicit any response he looked for the canoe which, when the Indian was at home, hung from hooks driven into a crevice of the rock just above high water mark. It was not there and the boy knew that his friend was not at home and that the boat was hidden among the rocks.

This was a sore disappointment to the tired boy and he reluctantly looked about for some place where he might find partial shelter from the storm. Asleep or awake Tony's ears were always set for danger signals, and it seemed to him that he had hardly closed his eyes before he was awakened by voices near at hand. He peered cautiously around the boulder which sheltered him. Two men were engaged in taking Jim's canoe from its hiding place. One, an Indian renegade, whom Tony recognized, and the other, the white man, whose heavy hand and foot he had good cause to remember. That the two meditated some evil against the hermit the boy knew even before he caught the drift of the broken conversation.

'He's safe for the night,' the white man was saying, 'if he should see the light he couldn't do the ten miles in less than an hour, and with the tide high and the canoe gone he'll just have to cool his heels on this side for a couple of hours after he gets here. Long before that the schooner'll have seen the signal, too, and put in for the harbor, and we will be on hand at Rocky Point to welcome her.'

The Indian said little, but Tony knew in a flash what their plan must be. There had been a wreck two years before, when an English schooner had come ashore on a night like this, lured by a signal she took to be a harbor light. There had been some talk then of foul play, but the two sailors, the sole survivors of the wreck, had disappeared soon after and the affair had never been investigated. The rascals who were planning this wreck recognized the danger of a second attempt, and so had arranged to implicate Copalis Jim. Anyone who saw the signal from the shore would know immediately that it could only come from Jim's promontory, and it would be the innocent hermit who would suffer for the dastardly crime.

Tony, crouching behind the boulder, thought fast. How could this thing be prevented? He had reached no conclusion when the men had launched the canoe and climbed in; nevertheless, he crept out and slipped into the water behind them, swimming silently in the wake of the boat. Arrived on the other side the men lighted a lantern and the boy had much to do to keep out of sight while they clambered up the difficult landing place. When they had reached the top of the rock he untied the boat and cast it adrift, hoping that the rising tide would wash it back to the shore. At any rate, he was resolved that the rascals should be made prisoners. Then he climbed stealthily up the path and watched the men while they collected Jim's store of wood and piled it ready for burning. They

were careful to build the pyre close to the edge of the rock, and well to windward of the cabin, for, as the white man said, 'Jim would not be apt to burn down his own house even to wreck a four-master.'

When Tony heard this remark the first clear thought he had been able to formulate came to him. If they should leave the fire long enough he would push the pile of wood into the sea. Then when the fuel was gone there would be no signal, and with the boat gone the men would be prisoners at least until the morning.

It was not an easy matter to light a fire in an atmosphere laden with moisture, but after many attempts and much profane language, it was accomplished. The pile had been skilfully built and stood like a great tall chimney, which would presently send a flame twenty feet in the air. It would hardly be mistaken by the ship's crew for a lighthouse, but rather for a friendly signal from the village at the mouth of the harbor.

When the fire was well started the men went into the cabin to better enjoy the contents of a bottle which the white man carried in his pocket, and which he had already applied to his lips more than once. Now was the time for action.

Tony crept past the door of the cabin. From the scattered sticks of wood he selected the longest piece, and laid it flat on the rock up against the base of the pile. He knew that what he did must be done with one move, for the men might at any moment come out of the cabin, and the least sound would certainly bring them. His idea was to shove the whole mass of wood over the edge at once, and this he partially accomplished with the aid of a second piece of timber which he had placed against the first. With all the strength of his spent body he pushed.

The base of the burning pile shot over the precipice, carrying most of the wood with it. The effort was a violent one, and the boy followed his 'pusher' perilously near the edge. The noise brought the men to the door at once. There was no time to recross the rock to the only side which afforded a hiding place. Tony dashed around the cabin, and in its shadow found momentary safety. He could only hope that the wreckers had not seen him.

'It's the devil,' he heard the Indian say, 'wind blow not that way.' This suggestion the white man met with a volley of profanity.

'There's someone on the rock,' he said, 'and it ain't Jim, neither; you go that way and I'll go this, there's not much chance of anything getting away from us here.'

Tony heard and looked wildly about him. He knew the men would keep close to the cabin wall. He moved cautiously away from it and in doing so his hand struck the cable which passed over the roof of the little hut. He seized hold of the big rope and followed it to the edge, where it was lengthened by a short piece of chain. He remembered that huge staple and that Jim had shown him the narrow shelf of rock below it, where he stood when he drove the staple into a crevice.

If he could reach that shelf perhaps he could cling to the staple for a while. It was his only hope, so, holding to the chain he slipped his feet over the edge, and then inch by inch followed with his body. If the ledge proved to be too far down for him to reach he knew that he could never pull himself up again unassisted, but there was no other way, and soon he felt the rock under his feet.

If Tony could have seen himself as he just clung there, a pitiful little atom against the sheer rock's side, with the angry sea leaping and dashing below him, it is doubtful whether he could have kept his position, but the friendly darkness wrapped itself about him and he had no troublesome imagination to conjure up terrors he could not see. He heard the men shuffling about above him and once he caught the gleam of the lantern they carried, but he rightly suspected that the mysterious disappearance of the wood had shaken their nerves and that they would not care to remain any longer than was necessary.

When the rascals met again at the door of the cabin, after covering every inch of the flat-topped rock, they looked blankly into each other's faces, and when the Indian once more asserted, 'It was the devil!' his companion more than half believed him. They hastily gathered together the wood that was left, and after lighting it, prepared to leave. But suddenly a huge form rose up out of the darkness and two shining revolvers were thrust uncomfortably near their evil faces.

The wreckers had not calculated upon Jim's ability as a sprinter. He had seen the fire when it first glimmered through the fog, and thinking his cabin must be on fire he started to run. There were piles of valuable skins stowed away on his rafters, but he forgot all about them when he found his boat gone from the cache, and caught the twinkle of the lantern as it circled around the cabin. The boat lay where the waves had cast it up a little way down the beach, and he was not long in crossing the channel and climbing the path. Thus warned he was able to take the intruders at a disadvantage. With a grim humor smouldering in his eyes he ordered the white man to bind the Indian with ropes found in the cabin, then, when one rascal lay safe, he performed the same office for the other.

Tony had heard Jim's voice and when silence told him that the excitement of capture was over, he raised his own in a long wailing note, the signal that had failed a few hours before. In a moment Jim's face appeared over the edge of the rock, and in another Jim's strong arms had lifted him bodily from his dangerous perch.

All that night Jim watched over his three guests, but to Tony only did he vouchsafe the favors of food and warmth. When the whole story had come out in Tony's queer jargon of English and Chinook the big Indian sat for a moment in silence, then reaching over he laid his hand on the boy's head. 'Tony, Jim's boy now,' he said.

The report of Tony's adventure got abroad through the sheriff who was called in to relieve the Rock of its unbidden guests. Every time he repeated the story he would add, 'To think that a poor little half-starved, beat-out savage would deliberately put himself into such deadly danger to save the honor of his friend, not the life, mind you, just the honor! Where can you find the making of a better citizen than that, I'd like to know!' And when the tale reached the Reservation the teachers agreed with the sheriff and forgave the runaway. But the superintendent journeyed to Copalis Rock, where he had a little talk with Jim, or more strictly speaking, at him, which later bore fruit; for after a blissful summer on the Rock Tony returned voluntarily to the Reservation. He was convinced, because Jim said so, that it was best to learn all the white men had to teach and, having set his hand to the plough, he did not again look back, though doubtless every springtime finds him standing on the lake bluff watching for the eagle who is to bring him his message from the sea.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Chickens in the Orchard.

(George Ethelbert Walsh, in the 'New York Advocate.')

'I'm tired of planting seeds for those old hens to tear up,' exclaimed Charley Lee, with a look of disgust on his face.

It was the third time he had planted his bed of flowers, and here the chickens had crawled through the fence again to destroy all of his work.

'I don't see what Uncle Henry wants to keep such chickens for,' he continued, ruefully. 'They do more damage than they're worth. If I ever own a country place I won't have a chicken on it.'

'But what would you do for fresh eggs and fried chicken?' asked his cousin Henry, walking around the scratched seed bed.

'I'd buy them,' Charley replied, promptly.

'It seems to me if I took so much pains with a bed of flowers as you have I'd fix the fence around it,' Henry added, noting the big gaps in the fence.

'Isn't it Uncle Henry's place to fix the fence himself?' asked Charley, with a frown.

'Why, yes, it may be; but again it may not. He has no flowers and vegetables in here to protect, and when he gave you the garden to plant he may have thought of the fence. If anybody gave me money and jewels I wouldn't expect him to give me a safe to keep them in. Would you?'

Charley had to admit that he would not, and when Cousin Henry walked away he surveyed his work with thoughtful eyes.

'I guess my first business is to repair that fence,' he said. 'I'll do that, and then plant the garden over again. I'll make it so tight that the chickens can't possibly get through into my garden again.'

All the following day the pounding of a hammer could be heard around the fence. And once, attracted by the noise, Uncle Henry peered over the fence and shouted: 'Hello! Turned carpenter? Hope you haven't got tired of gardening so soon.'

'No, I'm just getting ready for it,' replied Charley. 'The chickens have been through here three times and I can't do anything until I can shut them right up.'

'That's good. Build a fence around your property before you improve it. I remember once I had a pony given to me, and I walked ten miles to bring him home. Then I found I had no stable to keep him in, and I'd never thought of that until the pony was brought home. Then I found that a boy with a pony and no stable was in a sad plight. I hitched him to a post near the house, and decided I'd build a stable the next day for him. But when the next day came the pony was gone. Somebody had stolen him or he had broken loose and trotted away. Since then I always build the stable first and then get my pony afterwards.'

Charley laughed at this story, and wondered if Uncle Henry had thought of the chickens all along, and had left the holes in the fence just to teach him a lesson.

'Uncle Henry is so funny, anyway,' he reflected. 'He'll never lecture you, but he will make you find out your mistake some way, and then you feel as if he knew it all along.'

When the fence was finished Charley planted his garden once more, and proudly watched the chickens sneaking around the fence inspecting the patches he had put on. They could not crawl through, for he had been so careful and thorough in his work.

But a few days after this, when he was watching his first plants appear above the soil, he heard a sudden commotion in the or-

chard back of the house. There was a chorus of cackles and flapping of wings. In a moment the boy had run over to the orchard, and he saw that the whole flock of chickens were inside of the fence. The gate had been left open and the chickens were chasing butterflies and eating caterpillars and worms.

'Those same old hateful chickens!' he exclaimed. 'I think now Uncle Henry will agree with me that they have no place on a country home. I'll chase them out, and then tell Uncle Henry that he needs to shut his stable door or the stable isn't much use.'

It was no easy matter to drive the chickens out of the orchard, for they seemed to run everywhere except toward the open gate. They scattered in every direction and cackled so loudly that the noise could be heard a long distance off. Some few did run out of the gateway back to their yard, but others hid under bushes and in the briars, so that Charley was all in a perspiration trying to shoo them all out of his garden.

Finally the noise attracted those in the house, and Uncle Henry came running out in great haste. 'What is it?' he shouted as he saw Charley. 'Is there a weasel or a dog after the chickens?'

'Neither,' replied Charley, stopping to mop his brow. 'I'm after them. You left the gate open and they are running all over the orchard.'

Then, as Uncle Henry said nothing, Charley added: 'Do you leave the door of the stable open when your pony is inside, uncle?'

For a moment there was silence. Then Uncle Henry smiled and answered: 'Why, no, not if I want him to stay inside. But sometimes you want the pony to run out and exercise. Now these hens need exercise, or they won't lay eggs. I haven't any good place for them to exercise in except the orchard. So I leave the gate open once in a while and they think they are getting on forbidden grounds, and they come in here and eat the worms, caterpillars and grubs which are attacking my trees and bushes.'

'Oh, then you left the gate open purposely?' said Charley, with a crestfallen air.

'Yes, and you will see why if you come up and examine what the hens were cackling about, I'm sure they had a rare treat of some kind. I know their cry of discovery.'

They walked across the orchard, and under one of the plum trees they saw the ground covered with crawling, wriggling grubs and worms. The chickens had been feasting on them, and many had been slain. Charley looked at the sight for some moments in silence. Then he said, 'I believe chickens are of some use on a farm after all.'

'Yes, in their proper place,' was the quiet answer. 'For that matter, everything is that is in this world of ours.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Frightened by Indians.

A TRUE STORY.

The time at which my story opens is somewhere about the year 1878. In the early autumn of that year two families of Micmac Indians had their wigwams near our home, which was in the eastern part of Nova Scotia, in the County of Shelburne. It was not an unusual occurrence for the Indians to encamp near a settlement of white people for the purpose of trading their baskets, and they were generally on friendly terms with the whites. At that time I was a child of nine years of age. My home was with my grandparents, whom I will call by the name of Pratt. My grandfather, a fisherman by trade, made one of the crew of the schooner 'Matchless,' making weekly trips for fresh fish. He usually arrived home early on Saturday evening, spent Sunday at home, leaving again on Monday morning.

Our house was a small low building, formerly occupied as a schoolhouse, and contained only a kitchen, a very small bedroom and a tiny entry. My grandfather had at this time begun the building of a new and larger house, which rough structure stood a few feet from the door of the old one.

On the Saturday evening in question my grandmother and I had our supper at dusk, and then I went to bed in the tiny bedroom, from which, opening, as it did, right off the living-room, I could see plainly as I lay in bed all that passed there. After I had retired, my grandmother washed the dishes, rearranged the table for her husband's supper and replenished the fire, that the supper might be kept hot. Just then we heard the shuffle of feet on the doorstep, a clumsy rattling of the latch outside, and the two Micmacs walked into the room. My grandmother saw at once that both were under the influence of strong drink, and, though she would not have had them guess the fact, she was terribly alarmed.

'Good evening, Mrs. Pratt,' said one of them. 'Mr. Pratt is not at home, I see.'

'No,' said my grandmother, 'yet I am expecting him every minute.'

'You need not look for your husband to-night,' said the Indian, 'for we have just come from the harbor, and the vessel is not in sight of land. The people say it is too calm, and she can't get in to-night.'

At this piece of information grandmother became still more frightened, as it gave her to understand that the Indians knew that she would be alone, and she feared they meant to do her harm.

After telling her this they sat down near the fire and began to jabber in the Indian language, making gestures and talking volubly for some time, I sitting bolt upright in my bed in the little bedroom watching every movement with fear and trembling.

After talking and gesticulating for a time in this fashion, they turned to my grandmother and demanded supper, saying: 'The white woman give us supper, and we will give her basket,' indicating a basket they had brought in with them.

She at once proceeded to get them supper, while they still kept up their incessant jabber, as if they had some subject of interest to discuss. After she had bid them sit up to the table she told them to help themselves, and asking to be excused to attend to some matter outside, she left the house. Imagine my feelings when I heard the door close behind her, leaving me with those two drunken Indians. I sat up watching them, every moment expecting they would see me, and perhaps massacre me, for they seemed more inclined to talk than to eat, leaning across the table to jabber, not one word of which could I understand.

After a time which seemed to me very long, grandmother came back into the room. A few minutes after her an old lady came in, a neighbor, who said, as she entered, 'Good evening, has Mr. Pratt got home yet?'

'No,' answered my grandmother, 'and these men tell me he will not be home to-night, as it is so calm.'

My grandmother seemed surprised to see the lady, and said it was unusual for anyone to be coming in at this hour.

'Oh,' said our visitor, 'I knew Mr. Pratt was expected at home, and thought I would come in and see what news.'

Soon after her arrival, our unwelcome visitors took their leave, and grandmother and I were glad to accept the invitation of our neighbor to return with her to spend the night, for fear of the return of the Indians; but we were never troubled by them again.

I afterwards learned the strategy which my grandmother worked to assure our safety, as well as to avoid letting the Indians know how much she feared them. After seeing them occupied with their supper, she left the house and hurried at once to the nearest neighbor, who lived nearly one-fifth of a mile away. Arrived there she found the family, consisting of an old lady, her son and his wife, at prayer preparatory to retiring for the night. Bursting in upon them, she exclaimed, 'Don't stop to finish prayers,' but come with me. The Indians are at our house, and I have left the child alone in bed.'

Arising from their knees, the man took his shotgun from the wall, and with his mother prepared to accompany my grandmother to her home. Arriving at our door, my grandmother told them her plan, which was for the man to take his stand with his gun inside the new house, to await a signal from her, that the lady would wait outside, letting my grandmother enter alone; that then she would come in as if to make a call, and my grandmother accost her on entering as if surprised that anyone should call so late in the evening. So thus she planned to disarm suspicion on the part of the Indians. That night will long be remembered by myself as well as by those three neighbors, who are still living, although my grandmother is dead, and the home is occupied by strangers. The little house in which we lived still stands at the side of the newer one, and is used as an outhouse, though it has weathered the storms of nearly, if not quite, seventy years. This is a true story, an incident of my own childhood.

Fish Leather.

Fish leathers are now being largely manufactured. The skin of the porpoise makes a soft, waterproof leather which has been made into boots. Other fish leathers are thus spoken of by 'Footwear Fashion':—

The skins of some sharks are studded with horny protuberances which are so hard as to take a polish like stone. They are waterproof, and are used for covering jewel boxes and cardcases, as well as for a great variety of ornamental articles.

The hide of the 'diamond shark' is employed for covering the sword grips of German officers. A Paris manufacturer has made a reputation by tanning the skin of a species of Malabar shark into morocco; and the green leather called 'shagreen,' made from the skin of the angel shark of the Mediterranean, has long been a familiar article of commerce.

Good leathers can be made from the skin of the cod and salmon, and the hide of the wolf fish is being largely used for cardcases and shopping bags. In Egypt fish skins from the Red Sea are utilized for shoe soles, and eel skins are extensively employed in Europe for binding books, while in Tartary dried and oiled skins serve as a substitute for glass in windows.

Sturgeon skin affords a handsome ornamental leather, and the hide of the armored garfish is much valued, being covered with horny plates which may be polished to an ivorylike finish. Along the Yukon River, in

Alaska, the skins of salmon and cod are all utilized as clothing, the material resembling kid in appearance and softness, while almost as tough as parchment. Even the skins of frogs and toads are being employed to some extent, two or three factories in France paying much attention to tanning them for card-cases and other fancy articles.—'Wellspring.'

The Little News-boy.

One evening, after stirring news had filled the city with excitement, and created a brisk business among the newsdealers, a little fellow about seven years old came into the sitting-room of the hotel to sell his papers.

'Papers, sir? Papers?' said he.

A man sitting by seemed to fancy his intelligent looks, and said, with an oath,—

'Come here, my lad, you are a fine boy. Let me have a paper,' drawing the boy to his side.

The paper was furnished, and an extra price paid for it, the man swearing again that he was a fine boy, and asking him:—

'What is your father's name?'

'My father is dead,' said the boy.

'Well, well,' said the man, 'I must take you as my boy,' and again he swore. 'I'll make a man of you,' said he.

The boy made no answer, but still seemed rather shy of his new-found friend.

'Say, my fine fellow,' said the man, who kept swearing almost every sentence, 'how would you like to come and live with me, and be a great man some day?'

'I think,' said the boy, quietly, 'that I should not like to live with a man who swears so.'

The man was silent; what could he say? And the little boy went on to sell his papers.

The fatherless boy was wise; for a man who curses and swears is a poor person to train a little boy for usefulness or happiness in this world or the next.—Selected.

Wait For Me.

Tom Frost was hurrying to school one morning when he heard some distance behind him a voice calling plaintively: 'Wait for me.'

He knew the voice; it was Philip Scott, a boy in his own class, and his first impulse was to continue his way and take no notice of the call; but he was so tired of walking to school day after day alone, that he turned and stood waiting for Philip to overtake him.

'What's the hurry, Tom!' Philip exclaimed, as he came panting up. 'I never saw such a fellow as you; you never give a chap the chance to overtake you.'

'I'm going in for the punctuality prize, you know,' replied Tom, apologetically.

'Well, I don't think it's worth the trouble,' resumed Philip, dropping off to his ordinary slow pace; 'in my opinion it's bad enough to have to go to school at all, let alone always being there in time. Oh, look! there's a butterfly; I'm going to have him, he is such a beauty.'

So he commenced a chase, cap in hand, and loitered so long that Tom's patience was at last exhausted and he went on his way alone once more, arriving at the school-house in time to find the doors closed and his prize lost.

So you see, Tom would have been wiser as he found to his cost, had he called: 'Catch me up,' in response to Philip's: 'Wait for me.'

There are many boys and girls, and even grown-up people, too, who are painfully indifferent to the prizes offered them in the school of life; they lack interest, energy and steadfastness of purpose. It is no kindness to allow them to prevent your winning them.

Let them go their own way, keep your ears closed to their enticements, have before you the prize, and one day, if you work patiently on, content to be alone, it shall be yours.—'Canadian Churchman.'

Spiders.

THEIR LIVES AND HABITS.

Curious traits in the life history of the spider family were described and pictured in a lecture given at the London Institution by Mr. Henry Hill, of Smith's Bank, in aid of the funds of the Bank Clerks' Orphanage.

The audience were pleasantly told by the lecturer how spiders see, 'talk,' hear, kill and eat; how they travel through the air, how they construct bridges across streams, how they make their webs, how they live under water in diving bells, how the bird-killing spider acts, and the tunnel spider tunnels.

The common or garden spider, it appears, does an immense deal of good by eating noxious insects, and asks for nothing in return but to be left alone. Her silk thread is fine enough for lines on the micrometer used in astronomical observations. If she loses a limb in the moulting season, a new one comes in its place. Women's rights are so supreme in the spider family that the male has become an insignificant creature, but his legs have developed enormously to enable him to run away fast. In courtship, if the lady likes the suitor she marries him at once; if she does not like him she eats him.

Boys, Please Note.

Keep step with anyone you walk with.

Raise the hat in saying 'Good-bye!' or 'How do you do?'

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking to them or being spoken to.

In the parlor, stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Take your hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office.

Never play with your knife, fork or spoon.

In the dining-room, take your seat after ladies and elders.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

In going out of a room, let the ladies pass first.

To sell rum for a livelihood is bad enough, but for a whole community to share the responsibility and guilt of such a traffic seems a worse bargain than that of Eve or Judas.—Horace Greeley.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Grandmother's Garden.

(Reprinted by request from the 'Sunday-school Advocate.')

(Mary Howitt.)

I had a garden when a child;
I kept it all in order;
'Twas full of flowers as it could be,
And London-pride was its border.

As soon as came the pleasant spring
The singing birds built in it;
The Blackbird and the Throstle-cock,
The Woodlark and the Linnet.

And all within my garden ran
A labyrinth walk so mazy;
In the middle there grew a yellow Rose;
At each end a Michaelmas-daisy.

I had a tree of Southern-wood,
And two of bright Mezereon;
A Peony root, a snow-white Phlox,
And a bunch of red Valerian;

A Lilac tree, and a Guelder-rose;
A Broom, and a Tiger-lily;
And I walked a dozen miles to find
The true wild Daffodilly.

I had Marigolds, and Gilliflowers,
And Pinks all pinks exceeding;
I'd a noble root of Love-in-a-mist,
And plenty of Love-lies-bleeding.

I'd Jacob's Ladder, Aaron's Rod,
And the Peacock-Gentianella;
I had Asters more than I can tell,
And Lupins blue and yellow.

There was a bower in my garden-plot,
A Spiraea grew before it;
Behind it was a Laburnum tree,
And a wild Hop clambered o'er it.

Ofttimes I sat within my bower,
Like a king in all his glory;
Ofttimes I read, and read for hours,
Some pleasant, wondrous story.

I read of gardens in olden times,
Old, stately gardens, kingly,
Where people walked in gorgeous crowds,
Or for silent musing, singly.

I raised up visions in my brain,
The noblest and the fairest;
But still I loved my garden best,
And thought it far the rarest.

And all among my flowers I walked,
Like a miser 'mid his treasure;
For that pleasant spot of garden ground
Was a world of endless pleasure.

World's Fair Accommodation

The St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association has organized a World's Fair Bureau, through which it is prepared to furnish reliable accommodations at reasonable rates in hotels, boarding houses and splendid private homes. This is really an extension of the boarding house register, which such Associations have always maintained for the benefit of strangers. The St. Louis Association makes no charge to its patrons, either directly or indirectly, for the service, and the benefits of the Bureau are extended not only to young men, but to the Christian public generally. Those interested are invited to correspond with E. P. Shepard, Secretary Y. M. C. A. World's Fair Bureau, Grand and Franklin Avenues, St. Louis.

LITTLE FOLKS

DO YOU LIKE SKIPPING?

'But Then.'

It was a queer name for a little girl, and it was not her real name —that was Lizzie; but everybody called her 'But Then.'

'My real name is prettier; but, then, I like the other very well,' she said, nodding her brown curls merrily. And that sentence shows how she came by her name.

If Willie complained that it was a miserable, rainy day, and they couldn't play out-of-doors, Lizzie assented brightly: 'Yes; but, then, it's a nice day to make our scrap-books.'

When Rob fretted because they had so far to walk to school, his little sister reminded him: 'But, then, it's all the way through the woods, you know, and that's ever so much nicer than walking on the hard pavements of a town.'

When even patient Aunt Barbara pined a little because the rooms in the new house were so few and small compared with their old home, a rosy face was quietly lifted to hers with the suggestion: 'But, then, little rooms are best to cuddle up all together in—don't you think so, Auntie?'

'Better call her "Little But Then," and have done with it,' declared Bob, half vexed, half laughing. 'No matter how bad anything is, she is always ready with her "but then," and some kind of consolation on the end of it.'

'Just look at all the snow going to waste without our having a chance to enjoy it!' said Will, one day; and the ice, too—all because we couldn't bring our sleds with us when we moved.'

'But, then, you might make one yourself, you know. It wouldn't be quite so pretty, but it would be just as good,' said little 'But Then.'

'Exactly what I mean to do, when I get money enough to buy two or three boards; but I haven't even that yet, and the winter is nearly half gone.'

'If we only had a sled to-day, sister could ride; and we could go on the river,' said Bob. 'It's just as near that way, and we could go faster.'

'It's a pity, admitted the little girl. 'But, then, I've thought of something; that old chair in the shed! If we turn it down, its back would be almost like runners.'

'Hurrah! That's the very thing!' interrupted the boys.

The old chair was dragged out and carried down to the river, and away went the merry party.

'What is that? It looks like a great bundle of clothes,' said Will, pointing to a dark spot a little way out on the ice.

It was a bundle that moved and moaned as they drew near, and proved to be a little girl.

'I slipped and fell on the ice,' she exclaimed, 'and I've broken my leg.'

The poor girl was borne safely home, and the children lingered long enough to bring the surgeon, and hear his verdict: 'Young bones do not mind being broken; she will soon be out again, as well as ever.'

'Wasn't it good that it was only the old chair we had to-day?' asked little 'But Then,' as she told the story at home. 'O Auntie, I had the nicest time!'

'I believe you had,' answered Aunt Barbara, smiling; 'for a brave, sunny spirit that never frets over what it has not, but always makes the best of what it has, is sure to have a good time. It doesn't need to wait for it to come; it has a faculty for making it.'—'Exchange.'

Something New in Old China.

A few years ago a little railroad was built in China, the first one ever built there. It was about twenty miles long, and ran between Woo-sung and Shanghai.

Do you think the people were glad to have it as people are in America? Not a bit of it. They insisted on it that some of their ancestors were disturbed by the road, and were wandering around making a fuss about it. So the Chinese bought the road from the owners and tore it up, that the troubled ancestors might be quiet.

But things move, even in old China. This little road is now rebuilt and opened to travel, in spite of the ancestors. And moreover, a company organized in America has made a contract with the Chinese government to build a road nine hundred miles long, from Hankow to Canton and Hong Kong.

Now, the Chinese do not know how to manage railroads, having never had them on account of their ancestors, you remember. So, as Chinese labor is to be employed as far as possible on this new road, a Chinese railway school is opened, where men and boys are taught what they need to know about railroads.

Are you thinking that this railroad will run through rather wild, barren country? Two of the provinces through which it will go have each a larger population than the whole United States. What do you think of that?

Carts and wheelbarrows have hitherto been the vehicles used in China, and we cannot help thinking that even the dissatisfied ancestors will be glad to know that

their descendants have a way of going about that is so much better.

But more than this; every such change and movement in old China means the making of a highway for our God there, and the doing away with the foolish and ignorant ideas which have so long ruled over the people.—M. H. P., in 'Over Sea and Land.'

A Bottle of Glue.

Paul had just 10 cents to spend for Baby Ruth's birthday present and he couldn't quite decide what he had better get for her. He knew plenty of things he wanted to buy, but they all cost more than 10 cents.

Just as he and mother were talking it over on Ruth's birthday morning a loud cry came from Ruth. She was out in the hammock with Angela, her best-beloved doll.

Mother and Paul ran out to see what the matter was.

'I—felled out of 'e hammock and Angela felled too, and Angela's head tummed off,' she sobbed. 'My head went on 'e ground dess like Angela's, but mine didn't tum off.'

'Well, darling, I'm very glad of that,' laughed mother, 'because perhaps we can mend Angela's, and I'm afraid we couldn't put Ruth's on again.'

Mother went in to find some glue, but the bottle was empty.

'I'm afraid we can't mend it today,' said mother.

Ruth's tears began to flow again. A bright thought came to Paul.

'O mother! wouldn't Ruth rather have me buy her a bottle of glue to mend her doll right off, instead of that other thing? You said it cost 10 cents.'

Ruth clapped her hands at the thought of having Angela again so soon, and mother said he might spend the money in that way if he wanted to. So Paul and Ruth went hand in hand to the nearest store and bought a bottle of glue.

Mother glued the head on tightly and when Ruth woke up from her nap the head was on firm and hard. Ruth thought a bottle of glue was the nicest birthday present she ever heard of.—May G. Mooar, in 'Northwestern Advocate.'

A Broken Thread.

It was one of the boy's duties to carry the mail from the summer hotel where he worked to the post-office in the neighboring village. He was an honest boy, but apt to be careless at times.

One day, on his return from the office, he found that a letter had remained in the bag unnoticed when he took out the others. He took it out now and looked at it. It was directed to some town in France.

He could still mail it in time for the noon train if he ran all of the way back; but it was a scorching day, the road was dusty, and he was tired. Besides, there was a game of ball going on that he wanted to see. It did not look like an important letter. A thin, light thing, directed in a woman's hand! Pshaw! Women were always scribbling!

He threw it into the bag and went whistling to the ball-field.

The letter was mailed two hours later. It reached New York just an hour too late for the steamer, and was thus delayed four days.

Old Jeanne, the cook at the hotel, went about that summer crooning happily to herself, muttering and laughing when she was alone, paring the potatoes. When her mistress asked her one day why she laughed, she said:

'It's for Louis, madame—my old Louis. He comes at last. It was for that I save and save, one—two year. He is lame and sick—not like me. I come here with my boy Jean, to earn money, so that we can all make a home here. Jean is dead. Then I work here alone to bring my husband. We take ze little cabin yonder. I cook for you; Louis, he makes us a little garden. He shall have care of the poulets. We shall talk over the old times. We shall be as happy as the birds.'

She went on to tell their plan. The old man was to walk from the hills to Havre, where he would take the ship. She had sent the money for his passage in a draft. He had it now. He would be here next week. They never would be separated again.

The old man went to Havre on the day set, but he found no letter. Worn out with his journey, ill and penniless, he wandered about the quays of the great seaport for three days, and at last was taken to a house of refuge for paupers.

The letter came at last, but it was too late. It never reached him. He died the following winter.

Jean worked alone for the rest of her life, in merciful ignorance that her life was so lonely and empty just because a well-meaning boy had failed in a trifling duty.

Human lives are so closely woven together that the cutting of a single thread sometimes starts a rent which may extend beyond our knowledge or power to help.—'C. E. World.'

A Boy's Training.

A boy training for football cannot live on cake and pickles. So a boy training for a rough and tumble of life cannot safely feed his mind on trashy books or sensational newspapers, or even on weak literature. Read the best books; remember especially that the Bible is the book that has helped to make more great men than all the rest put together.

The Land of Counterpane.

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets,
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 9.

The Widow's Oil Increased.

II. Kings iv., 1-7.

Golden Text.

Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Psalm xxxvii., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 3.—II. Kings iv., 1-7.
Tuesday, Oct. 4.—II. Kings iv., 38-44.
Wednesday, Oct. 5.—II. Kings vi., 1-7
Thursday, Oct. 6.—I. Kings xvii., 8-16
Friday, Oct. 7.—Luke ix., 10-17.
Saturday, Oct. 8.—II. Kings iii., 1-12.
Sunday, Oct. 9.—II. Kings iii., 13-27.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

When Elisha had been assured that he was to be the successor of Elijah, he went first to Jericho, as we saw last week, then to Bethel, and from that place he went to Mount Carmel, and from there to Samaria.

After the death of Ahab, the Moabites, who had paid tribute to Israel, rebelled. The death of King Ahaziah, son of Ahab, ended a reign of but two years, and the rebellion was not put down. When Jehoram, another son of Ahab, succeeded Ahaziah, he proved an evil king also. He indeed put away the image of Baal which his father had made, but continued in the sort of sins that Jeroboam had committed. To Jehoram now fell the task of dealing with the rebellious Moabites.

Among the first things he did was to invite Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, to unite with him in the campaign and Jehoshaphat agreed to do so. Jehoshaphat had suffered on a former occasion when he went to fight with Ahab against the Syrians contrary to the warning of Micaiah. He now again proposed that they inquire of the Lord what should be done. Elisha was visited by Jehoshaphat, Jehoram, and the King of Edom who joined them against Moab, and Elisha, on account of the presence of the upright Jehoshaphat, consented to answer their inquiries. He foretold a very successful war against Moab, and the result was as he had predicted.

So great was the distress of the King of Moab that he offered his own son as a burnt offering. Elisha's long term of prophetic service was full of deeds of mercy and help and the one in the present lesson is an example.

A MOTHER IN DISTRESS.

1. 'Now there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying, Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord: and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen.'

This is a lesson for mothers, for mothers who find themselves bereft of their human support, while yet having little ones depending on them.

Here was a woman whose husband had been one of the religious fraternity known as the sons of the prophets, about which we know comparativly little. He had died leaving a widow, two children (Revised Version), and a debt. The Mosaic law recognized the custom of servitude for debt, the pledging of the person as security. Christ refers to the custom in one of his parables, Matthew xviii., 25.

So this poor woman was in great distress, for she was in danger of losing her children, and laid the case before the Lord in the person of one of his prophets.

ELISHA USES THE WOMAN'S RESOURCES.

2. 'And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me, what hast thou in the house? And she said, Thine handmaid hath not any thing in the house, save a pot of oil.

3. 'Then he said, Go borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few.

4. 'And when thou art come in, thou shalt shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons, and shalt pour out into all those vessels, and thou shalt set aside that which is full.'

One thing that we notice in Elisha's handling of this matter is, that he did not set aside or overrule what seems to us as a very unjust law. God does not favor individual disregard of law no matter how oppressive the law may seem, provided it is not directly opposed to his own statutes. We have the right to try to have a law repealed or changed, but we must not violate it.

Now, Elisha, no doubt, could by miracle, have given the woman at once all the money she needed, but this is not God's way. He does not seek to cultivate utter helplessness on our part, but to help us by beginning with our resources, small though they are.

This widow had told of her bereavement, of her helpless children, of the debt that threatened to make her lose them, but she had not mentioned anything on the other side of the account. Not a single material resource did she recall. She based her plea for help upon her husband's God-fearing character. But Elisha sought to have her see that she had something that would at least make a beginning, something that God could use for solving her difficulty.

The trouble is, we often want God to do the whole thing. We want a member of the family saved and leave it all for God: we see some severe distress—and pray God to look after it; we see a work to be done—and bury our one talent in a napkin. How shall we answer for all this?

Oil was used in a variety of ways in the household, in cooking, in cases of disease or injury, and for light. Hence it was a prime necessity in the house, and was always in demand. The widow, in all her poverty, still had a little oil, just as the widow at Zarephath in extreme poverty had a little oil left when Elijah appeared in time to miraculously increase it, as in this case Elisha was to do.

When Elisha heard of the oil, he did not stop to find its exact quality or amount, but immediately bade the woman prepare for its increase. God is always concerned over our capacity for receiving blessings, not about where they shall come from.

When she should have borrowed 'not a few' vessels, the widow was to shut herself and her sons in her house, according to Elisha's order. Remember this, she was to have her sons in the house with her when the power of God to help was made manifest. The children were not to miss the great lesson, but were to stand by and see how the Lord could redeem them from bondage, in answer to a mother's prayer.

Into these borrowed vessels, so said the prophet, she was to pour from her own scant stock, until they were full. No promise was given save as it was implied in the command, that she was to set the full vessels aside.

THE RESULT OF FAITH AND WORKS.

5. 'So she went from him, and shut the door upon her and upon her sons, who brought the vessels to her: and she poured out.

6. 'And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, Bring me yet a vessel. And he said unto her, There is not a vessel more. And the oil stayed.

7. 'Then she came and told the man of God. And he said, Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy sons of the rest.'

When the vessels had been gathered, the door was shut. The closed door meant privacy; it meant that a little family, threatened by disaster, was shut up in the home to receive the blessing of God.

The closed door is one of the essentials of spiritual strength. Said Christ, 'But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.' The private home life, and the private spiritual life are being greatly hindered by the rush and uproar of our times. The church and the country, as well as the individual, are in serious need of closed doors, that shut the world out and the soul in with God.

Well, the oil began to flow, and soon full pots were set aside one after another, until at last there was not an empty one to be found in the house. The neighbors had been called to supply means to contain this blessing. When the Lord wants to bless one of his servants he often calls one's neighbors and friends to his aid.

So the widow and her fatherless children looked upon brimming vessels, and then she set out to seek Elisha's advice again. He had instructed only how to receive the blessing, now she prays for direction for using it, a duty too many of us neglect.

The prophet told her to sell the oil, to pay her debt, and to devote what was left to the support of herself and her family. Not only freedom from bondage, but means to live with came as the result of unwavering and obedient faith.

'A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.' Psalm lxviii., 5.

The lesson for October 16 is, 'Elisha and the Shunammite.' II. Kings iv., 25-37.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 9.—Topic—Helping one another. Rom. xv., 1-7. (Honorary Members' meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S PLAN FOR A CHILD.

Monday, Oct. 3.—An oppressed people. Ex. i., 6-14.

Tuesday, Oct. 4.—As Stephen told it. Acts vii., 14-19.

Wednesday, Oct. 5.—The child God saved. Acts vii., 20, 21.

Thursday, Oct. 6.—A boy's life saved. II. Kings xi., 1-3.

Friday, Oct. 7.—A little girl's life. Mark v., 38-42.

Saturday, Oct. 8.—The Child Christ kept. Matt. ii., 13-18.

Sunday, Oct. 9.—Topic—God's plan for a little child. Ex. ii., 1-10; Heb. xi., 23.

Sunday Morning Adult Schools.

During the recent mission in Birmingham, one of the most interesting features was a mass meeting at Bingley Hall, one Sunday morning, of the Sunday Early Morning Adult Schools of the city. Mr. Edward Smith, president of the Newland Adult School Association, thus writes of this gathering in the 'Christian':—

'It certainly was a marvellous sight to behold 8,000 working-men, mostly scholars, assembled at Bingley Hall.

'Dr. Torrey remarked, at the close of the meeting, it was the best they had had. Could such a gathering be possible at that early hour in any other city in England?

'The late Dr. Dale said, some years ago:—"I look upon this movement with the largest hope in relation to the future of religious life in this country, and I believe it is only in the easliest stage of a great and glorious history." These words were prophetic, for the work wonderfully advances. No less than 132 new schools were opened last year.

As a teacher and superintendent, I can say I have never met so many out-and-out conversions as I have met in early morning adult schools. The work is not emotional, but sure and steadfast.'

Read it All.

We must not only believe the Word; we must also know it. Do not be misled by the oft-repeated statement that the Bible is a library of sixty-six books. Rather is it a book of sixty-six chapters, and the teacher should have at least a general knowledge of every chapter. There is value in studying the Bible in spots, but such study should not win the teacher from a careful reading of all parts of the word.—Prof. Dager.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

A Poisoned Race.

In every club, bar-parlor, railway carriage and other meeting-place of British citizens, there is being discussed to-day the question of imports. We are assailed every morning with a hurtling storm of facts, figures and arguments as to the effect upon national and individual prosperity of the things we are taking in from abroad. Meanwhile there is a question of 'imports' which the financiers leave out of account, but which, if we do not settle—so dangerous and deadly menacing does it become—bids fair sooner or later to settle us. It is the question of the imports to our physical constitution. Much closer to our life and happiness than what we are taking in at our ports is the matter of what we are taking in day by day to our bodily frame, for internal consumption there. Here is a Protection doctrine which is more urgent than any the politicians discuss. Maeterlinck says that after all these thousands of years we have not yet learned the art of eating. What is certain is that we have been and are madmen in the business of drinking.

A correspondent once wrote to Huxley, asking him what he thought of alcohol as a brain stimulant for mental work. His reply was prompt: 'I would just as soon take a dose of arsenic as I would of alcohol under such circumstances.' That was for work. Of its use for play he has elsewhere another word: 'I am as jolly as a sandboy as long as I live on a minimum and drink no alcohol.' Man is indeed a singular individual. He is in charge of an organism made up of millions of separate particles, fitted together in the subtlest fashion, and the whole depending absolutely for its going condition on the well-being and doing of these separate parts. A cycle manufacturer once astonished the present writer by telling him the number of portions that went to the make-up of one machine. But the hundreds in this case are the veriest trifle compared to the components of your frame and mine. When something breaks in our bicycle the excursion is spoiled. But we can get it mended, or buy another, and may promise ourselves a fresh expedition to-morrow. But for the longer excursion we call our life we have only one machine, and its breakdown is a disaster indeed.

We are, in a way, not only the users, but the makers of this machine. We import daily its components. From them we manufacture our skin, our bone, our heart, our brain, our lungs. According to the material imported, so will be our engine, and so will fare the passenger it carries.

We have been from the earliest times a nation of hard drinkers, and we are now drinking harder than ever. During the last fifty years, notwithstanding the efforts of all our churches, temperance associations and what not, the latest statistics show the consumption of alcohol per head of the population as having increased by twenty percent, while prosecutions for drunkenness show an increase of thirty-six percent. We are a poisoned race.

In this matter many of us have been living in a fool's paradise. We had studied the subject in patches, and taken parts for the whole. We saw an enormous improvement in certain directions and imagined it covered the field. In some quarters there has been undoubtedly a vast change for the better.

But the supply of drunkards, drying up in some quarters, is being replenished in others. The area is steadily extending. The women have come into it. One of the most ghastly features of the social life of to-day is feminine drinking. Every man we meet has his story of ruined homes with this as the key to the tragedy. During these last years the thing has come in like a flood. We are under a drink inundation. And it is covering neighbor lands. Some of the most hitherto temperate races are being submerged. France, which once stood so high for the sobriety of its people, is now ravaged by absinthe and has a fatal pre-eminence in alcoholism. Switzerland is no better. We had in our hands some time ago an appeal by the Catholic Bishop of Fribourg, in which he declared that two-thirds of the canton had gone down the throats of the people. In other words, the peasant proprietors had, through drink, mortgaged their lands to that extent. It reminds one of the saying of Cato of a guzzler who had got through a seaboard estate: 'What the sea could not have swallowed without difficulty, this man has taken down with all the ease imaginable.'

To fight this demon seems like fighting the innermost constitution of things, so deeply has the disease penetrated. To get back to sanity we need to change institutions, customs, social values, literatures, our very language. Intoxication, as Noah's example informs us, seems to have been one of the earliest human achievements, and while man has lost many of the ancient arts he has kept this. Literature is full of it. How many of the old poems are drinking songs? Has any one tried to reckon the amount of liquor consumed in 'Pickwick'? Literature has indeed played us an ill-turn in this matter. It has labored to invest this poisoning business with all the grace of its sentiment and all the vivacity of its humor. We miss the falsity of the thing as we laugh. How we have roared over Pickwick, helpless in his wheelbarrow in the village pound! What should we think or feel if our own father, or husband, or son, were there in that condition?

The battle has indeed to be fought from the beginning. Spite of all discouragements, public teachers must try and persuade their fellow-men to come round to sanity on this matter.

The basis of the present position is the world's weak will. As Clement of Alexandria says: 'No one prefers evil as evil.' The mischief is such numbers of men have not will enough to keep them on their feet. In these circumstances we must lend them some. Society will walk of itself in time, let us hope; but to-day it is in need of crutches. Legislation on this question is one of the most imperious of demands.

Meanwhile, and apart from politics, is there not a call for some of us to wake up in this matter? Men drink from sheer vacuity of life. Cannot the churches do more than they are doing to fill up that vacant interior? And as individuals, can we afford to be neutral if we would do our duty to our country? Extreme positions even, under the circumstances, have their reasons. When more than half a boat's crew are leaning far over the side, it will not do, if we would keep the balance, for the rest of us to sit in middle. We want to-day a strong position in face of our children and our sorely-tempted fellow man.

Lamb once asked Coleridge 'Whether an immortal and amenable spirit may not come to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?' It is a question which many a man, on that slippery slope which he himself knew but too well, might ask to-day. And for an answer he cannot do better than to determine, again in Lamb's own words, to—

Clasp his teeth,
And not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
—J. B., in the 'Christian World.'

Alcohol and Insanity.

The day of temperance oratory, which partook mainly of pathetic pictures, of 'The Drunkard's Home,' and fervid appeals to stay the 'Rum Giant,' and the 'Liquor Demon,' has almost passed. This is not on account of any weakness in the total abstinence movement, but because that movement has passed its infancy. People are more ready than they ever were to welcome intelligent argument on the subject. From a purely professional standpoint it is interesting to compare opinions on the causes of lunacy recently given by authorities in Great Britain and continental Europe. The German Association for the Investigation of Mental Diseases has found that out of every one hundred cases in State asylums, 73 percent are the result of intemperance, either personal or inherited. Last year 340 persons afflicted with mental disease took their own lives, of whom 298 were drunkards or the children of drunkards. Among these 340 persons were 27 children, all addicted to drink. The 340 persons who killed themselves killed besides 89 persons, of whom 52 were their own children. The statistics of the past four years show that in all cases where a mad woman killed her children her madness was caused by drink. This is startling, especially as the 'temperance' of the beer drinkers of Germany has been preached in season and out of season by those who do not believe in total abstinence.

Dr. Forbes Winslow stated last year that out of the total number of registered lunatics in England, i.e., 113,964, about 36,465 cases are attributable to drink, and draws the moral that 'Alcohol in every form ought to be shunned and avoided . . . and is responsible for making a sane nation into a mad one.' 'The British Medical Journal' some time ago published a statement from the medical superintendent of the asylum at Carmarthen, in which he places the proportion of cases of insanity among the laboring classes traceable to intemperance at 35 percent, and continues: 'Yet even this is not the whole truth. We must add to this 35 percent the cases of those who owe their insanity to the intemperant habits of their parents.' Dr. Edgar Sheppard, medical superintendent of Colney Hatch in 1883, said: 'For twelve years I have watched the development of the greatest curse which afflicts the country. From 35 to 40 percent is a fairly approximate estimate of the ratio of insanity directly or indirectly due to alcoholic drink.' In Ireland, of the medical superintendents of twenty-two district asylums, twenty agree that in their experiences the most prevalent cause of insanity after heredity is alcoholism.—'Christian Globe.'

An Educator of Scientific Temperance Instruction.

The Hon. H. R. Pattengill, one of Michigan's most widely known and popular educators, in a recent editorial in the Michigan State teachers' paper, 'Moderator Topics,' said:

'Temperance teaching in our schools has been of incalculable benefit. Let the work everywhere be kept up to a high standard. The physiologies of to-day do not overdo the subject one whit. Teachers, don't be sidetracked in your work by the emissaries of saloons. By overwhelming preponderance the scientific and medical experts of to-day stamp the use of alcoholic beverages as dangerous and damaging to body, mind and soul. But we don't need experts to tell us this. Evidences are all about us. Horrible object lessons are all too plentiful. The past winter has been prolific in examples of the effects of alcohol. Teach the subject just as dispassionately, vigorously and thoroughly as you do any other of the school subjects. Let the youth understand that he smirches his reputation by entering a saloon.

'Many of our great railways and mercantile establishments are barring out all drinkers of intoxicants. Old soakers may be beyond our reach; but teachers, do your level best to save the boys.'

Cigarette smoking is an intellect wrecker. The father who permits it in his boy may as well abandon hope of that boy's future. He is laying the axe at the root of the tree and employing the woodsman to do his work.

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Correspondence

Rhos, near Ruabon, North Wales.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I will try to write a little letter now. I have a cousin living in Hamilton, and he has been sending me the 'Messenger' for about a year, and I like reading it very much. My cousin left England about twenty-one years ago. His wife's name is Mary. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. Our teacher's name is Miss W., and we are all fond of her. I take the 'Messenger' with me to school, as the teacher likes to read it, and she lets the first girl who finishes her lessons have it for the afternoon, and they do like it all of them. We go to the Penuel Baptist Church. Our minister is very nice, and everyone about here likes him. We live about five miles from the town. I have no pets, but I have three sisters and two brothers, whom I love very much. My birthday is on March 11. The name of our place is Rhosllanerchrugog, but we call it Rhos, as it is so long; but it is a Welsh name, and I am a Welsh girl. I like reading English very much, but I can't speak it so well yet. I am going to do my best to learn, as I think it is nice to be able to speak both languages. I will write to the 'Messenger' again.

GLADYS P. (aged 10).

Port Maitland, Yar. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am in the tenth grade at school, and am fond of studying and reading. I have read a number of books, some of which are: 'Not Peace, but a Sword,' 'Barriers Burned Away,' 'Spun from Fact,' and a number of the Pansy books. I think they are the best. I am now going to read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' For pets I have a cat named Jim, and three buff chickens, and all are very knowing. I like to travel, but have never had an opportunity to do much. I have been to Boston, and while there I visited Mount Wachusett and Princeton. I have no brothers or sisters. My father owns a gasoline boat. I have had some sails in it, and it is great fun. I would have more if I were not seasick. My home is very near the seashore, and it has a very pleasant situation. In the summer we can watch the fishing boats go and come, and the other sports. In winter it is nice to watch the waves break over the pier. I have been to two picnics, and two weddings this year.

ROSELLA H. P.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was so pleased to get the Bible. I like it so much. I like the 'Messenger,' and the stories are splendid in it. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have some cousins to play with. There are four families, and they all take the paper. I have started back to school again, and have been promoted into the senior second. I am nine years old.

FRED M.

Middle River, Victoria Co., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have received the 'Messenger' since the year came in, so I thought that I would write a letter now, as I have seen letters from a number of the other subscribers. I live in the country. It is a very pretty place in summer. I live in a stone house. I go to school every day. I intend taking Grade D examination. I am eleven years of age, and have three sisters. My eldest sister and brother are teaching school. I have also two other brothers. The weather has been very dry this last summer. There has not been such a dry summer for seventeen years. We have a black dog called Kruger. Also a cat two years old and two pretty kittens, one black and one grey. We have a pretty little colt called 'Starlight,' and a pet lamb. I got a diploma when I was seven years old for repeating the Shorter Catechism, and another when I was nine for repeating the Scripture verses. I had a good time during vacation. The river is right in front of our house, and it is fine fun bathing in it. We catch fish in it, too. I would like to correspond with Leonia N. M., if she would please write first. I think blue is a nice color for a shoulder cape.

C. MARGARET N.

Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—As I was reading the letter of Roy R., of Chicago, I thought if every boy and girl would try and make their letters as interesting, the Correspondence Page would be the best page of the 'Messenger.' I passed to the seventh grade and will go to school this winter. I have not been away this summer, as we have had a slight flood. But I had a good time all the same. Topeka is quite a large city, and recently they have made a large park called Vinewood, and it is nearly five miles east of the city. I was there once, and it was a nice ride on the trolley car. I enjoy playing, especially croquet. I received a set on my birthday, and also a book entitled 'Stories of Our Coast,' which I have nearly finished reading. To-day is the day they were to hold the Grocers' and the Butchers' picnic, but it has been raining nearly all the morning. Speaking of books, I have a little trunk and a basket full and, besides, I have read a great many books from the library. We also have three large Swedish Bibles and two English Bibles in the house, and I think it is the best of all books. I go to the Methodist Church, and last Sunday two missionaries from India talked to us. We bought two little shells which the children of India brought to their Sunday-school for money. She took the money which they had brought back to India with her to give to some poor people in India. I am left-handed. I have a bicycle, but I do not care very much for it. I have no pets except a little brother three years of age. His name is David.

MARY N. (aged 14).

Mulgrave, Ont.

Dear Editor,—It has been a long time since I have written a letter to your little paper, the 'Messenger.' My grandmother said that I should write about my ancestors, and I will try to please her. Until two years I had two great-great uncles, three great-great aunts, and one great-grandmother, all brothers and sisters. This is all there ever were in the family. The youngest of these, who lives on the old homestead, held a reunion when he was eighty years old, and had his five brothers and sisters all at home; but two weeks after the reunion one of the sisters died. The rest are all living yet, and enjoying very good health for such old people. The oldest is now eighty-nine and the youngest is eighty-two. I had another great-grandmother, but she died a year ago. I have only one grandmother, and one grandfather left and seven cousins, but these relatives are all on my mother's side except my grandfather. Perhaps I can write again some time about my father's relatives. As to pets, my younger brother has a guinea pig, a pigeon, and a dog, while my little cousin, who is six years old, and takes great interest in pets, has six guinea pigs, one snapping turtle, and a frog. Another of my cousins, who is but a week old, weighs eleven pounds. Has anyone a larger relative for its age?

MAY S.

Kinde.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you of the fun I had at a picnic the other day. My sister and I and a party of other girls all went to the woods for a picnic. We enjoyed ourselves by swinging and playing games, then, when we began to feel hungry, spread our luncheon for dinner, which consisted of all the good things imaginable. Then after dinner we all took part in a potato race, the one coming out ahead receiving a prize. It was so much fun that it was hard to decide who won the race. Well, our school has started again, and all seem to enjoy studying after a nice long vacation, especially when our teacher is so good to us. I went for a wheel ride last evening, and the weather was so nice and cool, that it made us wish that winter was not quite so near; but I suppose we all ought to be thankful for the good times we had through the summer months, and to look forward with pleasure for winter.

GRACE L. P.

God's Ministers.

Many of God's most potent ministers are noiseless. How silently the sunbeams fall all day long upon the fields and gardens, and yet what joy, cheer and life they diffuse! How silently flowers bloom, and yet what sweet fragrance they emit! How silently the stars move on in their majestic marches around God's throne, and yet they are suns of worlds! How silently God's angels work, stepping with noiseless tread through our homes, and performing ever their blessed ministries about us. Who hears the flutter of their wings or the faintest whisper of their tongues? And yet we know they hover over us and move about us continually. So Christ has many lowly earthly servants who work so quietly that they are never known among men as workers, whom he writes down among his noblest ministers.—'Leaves of Light.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 17, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Our Canadian Trade Increasing—The 'Sun,' New York.
The World's Fair Congress of Arts and Sciences—The 'Outlook,' New York.
The Likeness of this Presidential Campaign to that of 1900—The New York 'Sun.'
What Kuropatkin Owes to the Railway—By H. J. Whigham, Special War Correspondent of the 'World,' New York.
Captain Mahan on the War—The 'Times,' London.
Russia's Future Constitution—By a Senator of the Empire, in the 'Independent,' New York.
Russia and Finland—The Old Fennoman Party—Correspondence of the 'Morning Post,' London.
A Socialist Rip Van Winkle—Jules Guesde at the Amsterdam Congress—Special Correspondence of the New York 'Evening Post.'
The British and Thibet—The New York 'Times.'
The Song of Arthur Balfour—A Long Way After Longfellow—By E.A.C., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Free Trade and Protection at the Cambridge Meeting of the British Association—The 'Times,' London.
With a Macedonian Relief Party—The 'Cornhill Magazine.'
Farming in the Far North-West—Notes of a Trip into Northern Alberta—By Cy Warman, in the New York 'Sun.'
The Scottish Church Dispute—Sir Edward Fry's Letter—The 'Times,' London.
Death of Dean Hole—The Birmingham 'Post.'
A Simple and Beautiful Tribute to Sir Henry M. Stanley—The 'Christian Advocate.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Some Famous Conductors and the Art of Conducting—The Springfield 'Republican.'
An Artist's Book—John La Farge, on the Great Masters—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Art of the Mezzotint—The 'Pilot,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Pickle and Faithful Heart—Poem by Ella Fuller Maitland, in the 'Westminster Gazette.'
The Mail-Train—Poem by B. E. Baughan, in the 'Spectator,' London.
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HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Man Who Split the Atom—Prof. J. J. Thomson on the New Position—By Harold Begbie, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Autumn Leaves—Why They Turn Red—By Ernest Ingersoll in the New York 'Evening Post.'
Artificial Gutta Percha Cables—'Public Opinion,' London.
Science Notes.

HOUSEHOLD.

Things Worth Knowing.

That salt is not to be added to oatmeal until it has boiled about fifteen minutes.

That a lump of butter dropped into boiling molasses or maple candy will prevent it from running over.

That a piece of lace or thin muslin, starched and put over the holes or worn places in lace curtains will show very little and improve the appearance of the curtains.

That a handful of salt, thrown into the tepid water with which straw matting is wiped up, will make it look extra fresh and clean.

That the yolk of an egg gives richness to the milk you pour over asparagus; beat it well, add butter, salt and pepper, as usual.

That an ounce of alum stirred into hot milk makes a fine bath for parts affected with rheumatism. The curds which form when the mixture get cold makes an excellent poultice to put upon the parts over night.

That salt and soda, a pinch of each, put mixture get cold make an excellent poultice as one could wish.

That all white wool articles are thoroughly cleansed by rubbing with dry flour. Shake well afterwards.

That a silver spoon, knife or fork put into a glass jar or dish, will temper it so that it can be filled with anything hot, even to the boiling point.

That a raw egg, swallowed, will usually detach any foreign substance, like fish-bone, if lodged in the throat.

That ink-spots on linen can be removed by dipping the article in pure melted tallow. Wash out the tallow, and the ink will come with it.

That a teaspoonful of ammonia in the water in which silver is washed will keep it brilliantly bright.

That fresh lard will remove tar from either hands or clothing. Wash with soap and water afterwards.

That it takes less sugar for fruit and preserves if put in after they are well cooked.

That wet cooking soda, spread upon a thin cloth and bound over a corn will remove it.

That a paste made of equal parts of brimstone, saltpetre, and lard, if bound about a felon, will cure it. Renew as soon as it gets dry.

That a preparation of one ounce of flower of sulphur and one quart of soft water, if applied thoroughly to the scalp, night and morning, will remove every trace of dandruff and render the hair rich and glossy.

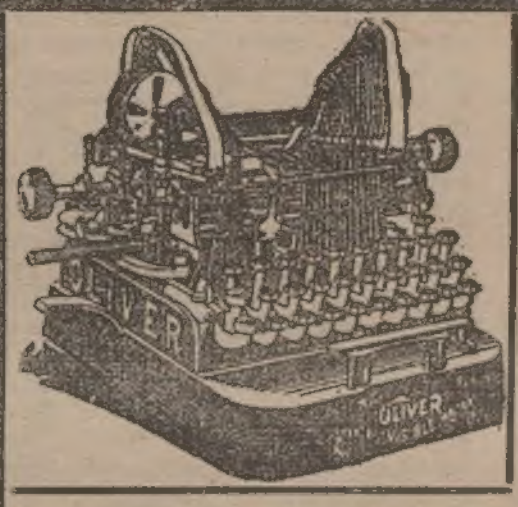
That a cloth wrung out of tepid water will not injure the most delicate wood.—'Vicks Magazine.'

The Scolding Habit.

Scolding is mostly a habit. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith begins finding fault with everything and everybody within reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one becomes addicted to it, and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. It is an extremely disagreeable habit, and when introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members.

Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general, and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded.

One cause of irritability is the drinking of stimulants. Another cause is found in indigestion and dyspepsia. But 'bad air' is undoubtedly to be held as the cause of many scoldings which would never have occurred in well-ventilated apartments. If the reader has acquired the habit of scolding, and really wishes to be rid of it, she should try to remember each time she feels provoked that it only makes her look foolish in the eyes of the person spoken to and those around, and is the source of discomfort and unhappiness. By getting into the habit of speaking kind words, which never die, and seeking to benefit rather than wound others, she will escape much displeasure, and in time entirely lose the practice of speaking harshly.—Selected.



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Children's Sunday Afternoon.

'Hearing a Bible story and learning a text should form part of the children's employment every Sunday afternoon,' says a writer in the 'Ladies' Home Journal.' 'However busy the mother may be in the week she should take time on this day to gather her children about her and teach them herself. She cannot delegate this duty to the Sunday-school without serious loss to them and to herself. It is said that children nowadays do not know the Bible. They are so unfamiliar with it that Biblical allusions in conversation or in other books are not understood, and its language is strange to their ears. Only the mothers can remedy this, as the Bible is not sufficiently read in the schools. The rising generation will never know their own sacred Book unless the mothers bestir themselves.'

The Father's Share.

Every household owes largely the stamp, the hall-mark, the impression it makes on the community and the world to the father. Although less with the children than their mother, all day long his opinions, his character, his attitude to life deeply influence his boys and girls. When his example is one of piety, when his speech is kindly and his honor unimpeachable, the family reflect the fine and noble traits of the man. If uniformly courteous in his manner to his wife, uniformly polite and considerate, his boys will grow up with gentle and urbane manners to their own mother and sisters and to women in general. If habitually the father of the family dwells with God, communes with him and lives on an exalted plane, the family will not decline to low levels.—Aunt Marjorie, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.'

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